



"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,—TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1804.

ESSAYS.

THE PASSENGER—No. X.

THE Doctor said it might be remarked, that in the dying confessions of felons, the enumeration of their crimes, almost invariably commences with DISOBEDIENCE TO PARENTS. Hence, said he, we have testimony, that this crime is introductory to every other. It becomes therefore an object of momentous concern to a state, to devise some measure for destroying, or checking the growth, of this seed of universal evil. It is not uncommon in every grade of society, but more particularly in the lower classes, to see some youth so perverse as to render it totally impossible to preserve parental government. The parent has no appeal, but to the feelings of an unfeeling child, and no resort, but in reversing the constitution of nature, and condescending to obey the wretch, who spurns at subordination to reason, and to duty. If these instances occurred with the children of those parents only, who had neglected the *parents'* duty, no one would wish to deprive them of the fruits of that neglect; but, as they sometimes occur when the reins of parental authority have been held with a steady hand; and as the welfare of society is endangered by every instance of this description, it is necessary that parents should be furnished with the means of appealing to superior power, when their own is inadequate for preserving due subordination. To this end, I would propose that the council of observation should be ever ready to hear complaints of this nature, and to use their best endeavors for removing the cause.

I was once consulted on this subject, said the Doctor, by a parent, who had found every measure ineffectual, which reason could suggest or discretion adopt. A spirit of perverseness seemed to possess the child; and the anguish of the parent presented one of the most interesting scenes which I have witnessed. This anguish, and the cause of it, could undoubtedly have been prevented by the interference of such a body-politic as I have described. Suppose a youth of this description to be called before a numerous council of venerable citizens, there to be ad-

monished in the presence of a full meeting, for resistance to parental authority; it would be scarcely possible, that baseness should so predominate in his habits, as to render a second complaint of the parents necessary, while he should continue a subject of their government.

He was proceeding in his remarks, but a tear, which the lady had been trying to suppress, now overcame her endeavors, and gave evidence of that sensibility which honors and adorns its possessor.

Can I have been so unlucky in my observations, said the Doctor, as to inflict a wound in my attempts to amuse?

As soon as the lady could recover a degree of serenity, she replied, that interesting descriptions of scenes, similar to such as ourselves had been called to act a painful part in, might produce a sympathetic testimony of the truth of the description, without inflicting a wound; and this is the case, said she, in the present instance. I informed you that I am a parent—For nearly two years I have been a widowed parent; and although this is a state, which demands increased docility and obedience, on the part of children, yet the reverse has so multiplied my cares and my distresses, that tears are my only relief, when ruminating on the subject. You must not wonder therefore that they flow so readily at a representation, which so powerfully interests the feelings of a mother. My eldest son having just arrived at an age when passion makes rapid strides before the slow advances of reason, and finding the salutary checks of a father's energy withdrawn from domestic government, set up his will as a rule of his conduct. The depressed state of my mind produced a relaxation of my resolution, and an increase of maternal tenderness. Affection and argument were the only instruments of government I had the power to command. To my inexpressible regret I found they were inadequate for controlling the impetuosity of headstrong youth, under the influence of ardent passions; and for about eighteen months, I had no resource, but to submit, where I could not govern. My son at length went abroad, and my anxiety for his fate is now a source of unhappiness as

extreme, as was produced by his disobedience at home. This anxiety arises from an observation which I have made through life, that disobedience to parents is invariably followed by disaster, distress, or misfortune, as a punishment inflicted by Him who brought us into being, to fulfil the duties of our station. How many wearisome days and sleepless nights should I have escaped, could I have received the assistance of such a council as your philanthropy has devised, for the relief of distressed parents. Oh, sir! unless you have suffered similar anguish, it is out of your power to realize the extent of the advantages which would result from such an establishment as you have proposed.

The Doctor observed that those who were most assiduous to fulfil the duty of parents, felt most pain in cases of disobedience; and *your* distress, said he, is to me, a convincing testimony of your unremitting endeavors to discharge the obligations of a parent, and those endeavors will yet meet their reward. But what shall we say of parents who seem scarcely to consider their offspring as subjects of government or instruction? The moralist may preach, and the satirist may lash them, while they remain as insensible to those as to their duty.

The consequences of this parental neglect are ingeniously portrayed in a comedy by Goldsmith, called "The Mistakes of a Night." Have you ever seen it madam?

No, sir, I have not.

Then I will endeavor to give you a sketch of that part of the piece, and as you have now to charge me with being the cause of a tear, I expect to balance the account by credit for producing a smile.

Mr. and Mrs. Hardcastle are introduced in a dialogue concerning Tony Lumpkin, her son by a former husband. She observes that Tony is not to live by his learning, and she does not think a boy wants much learning to spend fifteen hundred a year.—Learning quotha, says Mr. Hardcastle, he's a mere composition of tricks and mischief. She replies, it is humor, nothing but humor my dear. Humor! says he, yes, if burning the footmen's shoes, frightening the maids, and worrying the kittens, be humor, he has

it. Well, the poor boy was always too sickly to do any good, and a school would be his death; any body that looks in his face may see he's consumptive; and I am actually afraid of his lungs. And truly so am I, for his voice is like a speaking trumpet—Tony now makes his appearance, and the following scene takes place between him and the mother. Tony, where are you going, my charmer? Wont you give papa and I a little of your company, lovee? I'm in haste, mother, I can't stay. You shan't venture out this raw evening, my dear. I can't stay, I tell you. But you shan't go. I will, I tell you. I say you shan't, says the mother, and lays hold to stop him. Well mother, says Tony, we'll see which is strongest, and he drags her out of the room.

In a succeeding scene, Tony is directed by his mother to mount his horse and guard her to his aunt Pedigree's, about forty miles distant; instead of which he leads the carriage through the worst roads in the neighborhood, oversets it in a pond, returns by a circuitous route, and brings his mother within a few rods of her own door, when she asks whereabouts they are; he tells her on crackscull common, about forty miles from home. After exciting his mother's fears of being robbed and murdered, he observes his father-in-law approaching, and tells her there is a highwayman, with pistols as long as his arm. He directs her to hide herself and keep close, particularly if he coughs and cries, hem! He meets the old gentleman, and tells him that he has left his mother at his aunt's, then to keep her snug in her hiding place, he cries, hem! on which she flies to her husband, whom she supposes to be a highwayman, and falls on her knees, petitioning for mercy.—While she is begging for her life and Tony's, her husband is endeavoring to make her see her error, which after sometime he accomplishes, and the whole is discovered to be a combination of Tony's pretty tricks.

I do not recollect any dramatic piece, said the Doctor, which, with so much humor, conveys so good a moral, thereby fulfilling the original design of dramatic representations.

The stopping of the stage postponed further remarks, which will be continued in the next number. [Bost. Mag.]

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF THE WORD NO.

THERE are few words in the English language more important than the word no; and though it is very short, it is to many exceedingly hard to learn. Many a man, and woman too, have been undone because they knew not how to say no.

Charles Easy, a milky, good-natured young fellow, was left with a handsome patrimony, with which he went into trade—Charles had a crowd of customers,—for ev-

ery body loved him;—but unluckily his customers had forgotten to bring their money with them: they all however promised payment—some in 90 days, some in 60, and some in 30, and some next morning. Charles doubted and hesitated, but not knowing how to say no, he credited them all.—Thus his goods were scattered over the country, and while he obtained one half of the debts, at more expence and trouble than his profits upon the whole of them were worth, he lost the other half. In the midst of these embarrassments, a worthless fellow, in whose company Charles had once drunk a bottle of wine, had the assurance, on the strength of this acquaintance, to ask him to be bail for him in a large sum. Charles started at this request, and the word no was seemingly bolting out; but it stuck in his throat;—he yielded and was undone.

Tommy Smoothly was social, polite and engaging—his faults did not spring from a perverse mind, but from his obsequiousness. Tommy loved neither the bottle nor cards; he hated night watchings, which ever gave him the head-ache all the next day; but yet he gambled, drank freely, and kept late hours, because his companions importuned him and he knew not how to say no. At length a set of sharpers perceived Tommy's weak side, and marked him for their prey. They enticed him to deep play, fixed their fangs upon him, and never left him until they had robbed him of his last shilling. Alas, poor Tommy! what a fine man he might have been if he had only learned to say no!

But ah, the lovely Belinda! what pencil can paint her former gaiety, or her present despair? Fair as the lily, sweet as the rosebud when it receives the morning dews, she was the solace and comfort of her parents, until a seducer with the graceful exterior of a love-lace, and with the heart of a fiend, destroyed her virtue and her peace. Belinda, hapless girl! still the roses would have blown on thy cheek; still would joy have beamed in thy countenance,—had thou learned to say no.

Let youth learn the proper use of this important monosyllable. If advised and persuaded plainly against your interest, say no. If tempted to bring a blot upon your character, or a stain upon your conscience, say with energy and emphasis, no, no, no. But to the prayer of want, and to the call of real honor and virtue, never say no.

ON REPUTATION.

BRIGHTER than polished silver, more valuable than Peruvian ore; more precious than the pearl in the sea, than the diamond in the bowels of the earth, or all the shining treasures in the mines of Portosi, is reputation to a woman.

As the time that is past is gone forever; and the word that escapeth thy lips return-

eth not again; so is the good name of a woman when it goeth from her.

Art thou beautiful as the morning; art thou comely as the evening; do strangers speak thy praise, and thy acquaintance pour encomiums upon thee; yet thy way is a narrow path, from which, if thou strayest, thou wilt never more find it out; thy praises will be turned into revillings and thy encomiums into keen reproach.

MORAL.

FOR THE HIVE.

THE acquisition of knowledge, and a virtuous use thereof, is truly honorable. It improves the heart, and half makes the human soul. By it we can regulate our own conduct, as well as instruct others in the prudent management of the vast concerns of life. Consequently, no time is better employed than that which is spent in endeavoring to purify, and, at the same time, enlighten the fancy and intellect. Happy is the man, comparatively speaking, who has made study the business of his past life, in order to learn the admirable science of living well; for, if blest with prosperity, he knows how to live without being proud, and if overtaken by adversity, he possesses the means which may greatly tend to console and comfort him.

CONSCIENCE.

"Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it,
"The winds did sing it me, and the thunder,
"That deep and dreadful organ-pipe pronounced
"The name of Prosper." TEMPEST.

THE loss of fortune, dignity, glory, and all the pageantry of earthly grandeur, is comparatively trifling when put in competition to that of virtue; when the human mind first stoops to debasement, and wanders in the paths of impiety, its progress to misery, although gradual, is too fatally inevitable, the smallest crimes by becoming habitual increase in time to the crimson tints of atrocity; then, O Conscience! thou most incessant and excruciating torturer, thou never failing monitor, 'tis then thine admonitions wound with remorse the breast of conscious vice; thou establishest thine awful tribunal on the ruins of neglected virtue, there to inflict a punishment far more severe than aught invented by the ingenuity of man.

When lulled in apparent security, and revelling in the round of transitory pleasure, thine awful presence intrudes itself upon the harassed imagination, and bids the lofty sinner reflect on the acts of injustice of which he has been guilty. The veil of oblivion, which with all the precaution of vice, he has endeavored to cast over his crimes, thou canst in one unguarded moment cause himself to remove; his deeds of darkness, so cautiously enveloped with the specious garb of dissimulation and hypocrisy, are frequently

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by thee laid open to the scrutinizing eye of justice. His most secret recesses thou canst penetrate, his every joy embitter, and render him who was once hardened in iniquity, susceptible to the slightest emotions of fear. The man who once was callous to the tender plaints of misery and injured innocence, will, when under thy influence, start at a shadow, tremble at an 'unreal mockery,' and imagine the most trivial sound, a solemn summons of retribution.—Such, O Conscience! is the form in which thou visitest the child of iniquity: such the shape in which thou approachest the votary of vice; how happy then the man, who void of guile, dreads not thy reproaches: who, supported by the consciousness of unspotted innocence, enjoys uninterrupted serenity and peace of mind; whose slumbers are undisturbed by the phantoms of a disordered imagination, and who looks forward with the ardour of hope and expectation to the time when the virtues and vices of mankind shall receive their just reward.

VARIETY.

Messrs. McDOWELL & GREER,

IT is a fact, which I believe has not been publicly noticed, that the relative variation of the Magnetic Needle has, for several years past, been retrograde. At what precise point of time this retrograde motion commenced, I am not possessed of data to shew; probably about the year 1790. Lines situated about one hundred miles west of Philadelphia, in nearly the same latitude, first surveyed in the year 1747, and afterwards in the year 1783, gave a relative variation of three degrees; and, on being again surveyed in 1803, gave but two and an half degrees, relative variation. Lines surveyed in nearly the same situation, first in 1775, and afterwards in 1804, gave no relative variation.

ELI LEWIS.

York County, Nov. 7th, 1804.

Messrs. McDOWELL & GREER,

A few evenings ago, at the house of a friend in Philadelphia, I was much pleased with the remarks of a lady in company, on the subject of prayer.—She objected to too liberal an amplification of our wants—and too frequent a repetition, or invocation, of the divine name.

Two scriptural prayers occurred to my mind—that of Solomon at the dedication of the Temple, and that taught by Christ to his Disciples.—The last of these I have attempted a versification of, for the use of such of your readers as are fond of devout aspirations.

Our Heavenly Father! be thy name ador'd,
Till Earth, as Heav'n, proclaim thee Sov'reign Lord.
Be daily Bread, thy providential care;
And let thy Love our constant frailties spare.
Our wayward feet, to paths of peace reclaim,
While grateful Creatures magnify thy Name.

AMUSING.

Messrs. McDOWELL & GREER,

The following was picked up, at the Court-house, on Monday morning last. It appears to be a part of the preceding day's journal of some of our young bucks. I send it to you for publication, as it may amuse some of your readers.

JOURNAL, &c. Nov. 11.

--- 3 o'clock. Call'd on a friend—retired into a private room—wasn't long in 'till Miss Rattlehead feign'd an errand there also—guess'd what she wanted—spoke to her—she was d—d pleasant—retir'd into her room—seated herself op'site the door, with a book in her hand—left the door open, tho' 'twas cursed cold—bade my friend good-bye—came out—saw her—she courtied, and I bowed—went in—spent a horrid dull afternoon—got an invitation to call again—swore I wouldn't—won't catch old birds with chaff.

AN honest peasant settled in a small village, where in a short time, he gained the good will of all his neighbors. He had however, the misfortune to lose one of his best milch cows in the first year, which grieved him exceedingly; while his wife, who was an excellent manager took sick and died. The good man lamented the loss of his helpmate, with the most unaffected sorrow, and remained some months quite inconsolable. His neighbors now thought it their duty to reason him into resignation. My friend, said one of them, the wife you have lost was really an excellent woman, but still you have a good remedy; you are a young, and an honest man, and you will find no difficulty in procuring another.—For my part, continued he, I have three daughters, and shall be happy to call you son-in-law. Another, on this, offered him his sister, and a third his niece. Good God, said the mourner, what a strange place this is, since a man who lives here, had better lose his wife than his cow. *My wife is dead, and behold! you tell me I may pick and choose, to supply her place! but when my poor cow died, no body tho't of offering me another!*

THE following ludicrous circumstance is a fact, and has become the subject of general conversation:—The son of a respectable landholder, in the county of Meath, had been strongly attached to the daughter of a neighboring farmer, but as she did not encourage his advances, he formed a resolution of seizing her by force; and as she daily went to see a favorite cow milked, that was the opportunity fixed on. The young lady's brother, however, got intimation of his designs, and made them known to his sister, who, as there was a striking resemblance in the persons, agreed that he should dress himself in her clothes, and attend the cow. When he

had arrived at the spot four men jumped over the hedge, seized and carried off the supposed lady (though not without much apparent resistance) to a chaise, which conveyed them to the bridegroom's residence. The priest not being at home, the wedding was deferred until the next morning. In the mean time, the lover's mother tried to administer comfort to the distressed young lady: and in order to convince her that her son had no dishonorable intentions towards her, proposed she should sleep that night with her daughter. The young ladies accordingly retired soon after the rest, when a cry of "help!" brought the parents to the door of their daughter's room, which the ravished fair one had previously fastened. The disguised lover was seized, and sent to Antrim jail, where he now lies, and is to stand his trial; but as they cannot substantiate the fact, from the circumstance of the old lady putting him into her daughter's bed, he has entered an action against them for false imprisonment. [Dublin paper.]

AN agreeable man and of a merry disposition, but very poor, finding, one night, some thieves in his house, told them, without putting himself in a passion, I cannot imagine what you expect to find in my house in the night time, since I can find nothing in it myself in the day time.

A Chimney-sweep lately advertised for an apprentice with this N. B. That it was expected the boy's friends would keep him in clean linen.

Lancaster, November 14, 1804.

MARRIED, on Thursday the 1st inst. at Wilkesbarre, (Penn.) by Joseph Wright, Esq. Mr. *Cesar Rodney Wilson*, late of Dover, Delaware, to Miss *Harriot Tracey*, late of Norwich, Connecticut.

TO THE PUBLIC.

CHARLES McDOWELL begs leave to inform the subscribers to the HIVE, and the public in general, that he has entered into partnership with Mr. WILLIAM GREER, in the publication of the said paper, and in the prosecution of every other branch of the printing business, under the firm of McDOWELL & GREER.

As the Hive-office has been considerably enlarged, with a neat and general assortment of printing materials, we will be enabled to execute all kinds of printing in a superior style of elegance, on the shortest notice, and most moderate terms:—And, as we will assiduously endeavor to give general satisfaction to all those who may favor us with their commands, we doubt not of receiving, from a generous public, patronage proportionate to our honest endeavors.

POETRY.

FOR THE HIVE.

TO STREPHON.

LAST night I dreamt,
In rude attempt,
Rough Damon sought a kiss;
I thought I frown'd,
And view'd the ground,
You gently smiled at this:
Saw you advance,
As if by chance,
Indeed you were to blame;
A kiss you sought,
And quickly caught,
My lips return'd the same.

Lancaster, November 8.

LAURA.

FOR THE HIVE.

REFLECTION.

I am doom'd by that power, who at first gave me birth,
Dire poverty's victim to be;
I am destin'd a slave, until woe-easing death
From trouble and care sets me free.
But when I reflect that all life's but a dream,
And true pleasure on earth we can't find;
I envy not those who glide smooth down the stream:
For true joy is contentment of mind.
How many there are who have fortune in store,
And in wealth, and in riches abound;
Yet when life's at an end, all their pleasures are o'er,
And their ashes repose in the ground.
That form in existence once splendidly clad,
Pre-eminence no more can claim;
It lies equally low with the humblest lad,
For all mankind in death are the same.
If on actions in life, future happiness rests,
The poor with the rich well may vie:
For wealth oft of virtue its owner divests;
He forgets that he's formed to die.
Not this of the poor, honest man can be said,
He by poverty's hand oft distress'd,
Anticipates naught; yet his trouble's repaid,
And heaven's his solace of rest.
And thus we perceive that all mortals, alike,
Were form'd with the same good intent,
By that all-wise creator, whose judgment can strike,
And whose kindness doth know no extent.
Then let's not repine, nor with whining complain;
Still be grateful for what we enjoy:
Tho' on earth we endure both misfortune and pain,
Yet death is the source of our joy.
Oh! grant me contentment, sweet source of all bliss,
The choicest of gifts thou canst give;
When trouble assails, "the rod then I'll kiss,"
And be happy on earth while I live.
Tho' ills may oppress and misfortunes assail,
As I struggle through life's chequer'd scene;
Dejection me ne'er as her vot'ry shall hail,
Nor dread care with my joys intervene.

A.

NOVELIST.

ANGELINA—A TALE.

CHARLES BRUNVILLE, at the early age of two-and-twenty, obtained a captaincy in the Guards; and being liberally supplied by his friends, who were of the first respecta-

bility, was enabled to appear in every respect as a man of fashion: yet, gifted as he was by nature and fortune, his affections were of a more humble nature than accorded with the proud views of his family.

Angelina, the daughter of an aged veteran, whom misfortune had reduced to a state of indigence, was the object of his most ardent love, and she returned his honorable and disinterested passion with a warmth of uncontaminated innocence.—The opposition which his father made to his union with Angelina, though it did not alter his determination, in some degree restrained him; and, in the lifetime of Cleveland, he forbore to act in open defiance of their authority. His death, however, throwing her entirely upon him for protection, induced him to sacrifice every consideration to preserve the woman he adored; and he prevailed upon Angelina to accept his hand, and introduced her to his family, as one he was determined to protect from injury or insult at the hazard of his life and fortune.

Exasperated at this conduct, Mr. Brunville instantly forbade him the house, and cut him off entirely from any claim upon the estate, as a punishment deservedly incurred by his disobedience.

Young and sanguine in his expectations, the pecuniary loss affected captain Brunville but little, and the strength of his love for a woman, so undeservedly despised, rather increased than abated. For a short time they subsisted in a state of genteel affluence upon his pay; but a love of dissipation, which he never had prudence to restrain, and an increase of family, involved them in the greatest embarrassments; and as there are numerous temptations and resources in London, Brunville was not long a novice in the ways of the world. The gaming-tables were repeatedly visited, nor was he roused from his delusion, until he found himself the dupe of villainy: he returned, pillaged and involved, to his family. His father would not advance him a shilling to save him from perpetual imprisonment, and his children wanted the necessities of life. To one gentleman he owed two thousand pounds; he was importunate for payment, and Brunville could not raise a twentieth of the sum.

"Will you," cried he, almost distracted, "dearest Angelina, go to Mr. Barfleur!—inexorable as he is, he will surely be moved at the sight of such virtue in distress. Take our beautiful little innocents—they will plead to his heart!—Excellent girl, forgive this request, dictated by necessity."

Angelina paused a moment—tears filled her eyes—the struggle of her feelings was hard—but, affection for her husband overcame the timidity of her nature, and throwing her arms around him, she cried—"Have I not been the cause of all your sufferings?—Has not your fatal attachment to me reduced you to this?—and shall I refuse to

save you, if in my power, from a noisome dungeon!—Oh, let me go immediately my dear Charles!

As a great deal depends upon a first appearance, Angelina habited her children in the most attractive, yet simple garb, and hastened with them to the house of Mr. Barfleur. She was admitted immediately, and had every reason to fear, from the sternness of his features, a rejection of her petition. Kneeling, with uplifted hands and supplicating looks, she implored his compassion; while she was supported on one side by a graceful boy, whose eyes were raised with the most expressive earnestness to the furrowed face of Mr. Barfleur, as his arm fondly encircled the neck of his mother; and a lovely little girl, about six years old, hid her face with her hand, and wept in sympathy.

Mr. Barfleur was inconceivably affected, and raising her kindly, assured her, that, though he would never forgive the least appearance of imposition, he was so well convinced of her sincerity, he would do all in his power to serve captain Brunville and her.

He was as good as his word:—the bond was cancelled; the children placed at his expense, in reputable schools; and an annual stipend settled on Brunville, until he could, by economy, retrieve his affairs. A few years rendered his generosity to the captain useless, he fell in a desperate engagement, and Mrs. Brunville, never recovering the shock of his death, followed him to the grave in a few months. Still extending his benevolence to the orphan children, he placed Charles in the army; and, finding Angelina daily acquiring fresh beauties, his heart expanded to her with a warmth of sentiment he had scarcely ever felt before. Attached to him by gratitude, the artless caresses of Angelina augmented his passion; and he determined, in defiance of the world's censure, to make her his wife. [*To be concluded in our next.*]

Private Tuition.

GEORGE CORREL will attend Young Ladies and Gentlemen, at their respective houses, a few hours in the day, on moderate terms, for the purpose of teaching English Grammar, according to the system of Louth, Ash, Davis, or Murray: Also, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, &c.

Those Ladies and Gentlemen who may please to honor him with their commands, shall be immediately attended to, by leaving their address with the Printer.

Lancaster, Nov. 6. 1804.

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